

**POLLY PERKINS**  
-OF-  
**PEMBERTON GREEN**

OR

**I'M A BROKEN HEARTED MILKMAN**

by

**HARRY CLIFTON**



ST. LOUIS

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# POLLY PERKINS OF PEMBERTON GREEN.

or

## I'M A BROKEN HEARTED MILKMAN

COMPOSED BY

HARRY CLIFTON.

Maestoso pomposo.

PIANO

1. I'm a bro - ken - hearted milk - man, in grief I'm ar - rayed, Through  
2. Her eyes were as black as the pips of a pear, No  
3. When I'd rat - tle in a morn - ing, and cry "milk be - low," At the

*p*

keep - ing of the compa - ny of a young serv - ant maid, Who  
rose in the garden with her cheeks could com - pare, Her  
sound of my milk cans her face she would show, With a

liv - ed on board wa - ges, the house to keep clean, In a  
 hair hung in "ringer - lets" so beau - ti - ful and long, I  
 smile up - on her countenance and a laugh in her eye, If I

gen - tle - man's fam' - ly, near Pem - ber - ton Green.  
 thought that she lov'd me, but found I was wrong.  
 thought she'd have lov'd me, I'd have laid down to die,

To be sung ad lib.

## CHORUS.

Oh! she was as  
 Oh! she was as Beau - ti - ful as a but - ter - fly, and as proud as a  
 For she was as

*fr*

queen, Was pretty lit - tle Polly Per - kins, of Pem - ber - ton Green.



4th VERSE.

4. When I ask-ed her to mar-ry me, she said, "Oh what stuff," And told me to  
 "drop it, for she'd had quite enough Of my nonsense." At the same time I'd been very kind, But to  
 mar-ry a milkman she did'nt feel in-clin'd. Oh! she was as

Chorus and Symphony  
as before.

5th VERSE.

5. "Oh the man that has me must have sil-ver and gold. A cha-riot to  
 ride in, and be handsome and bold; His hair must be cur-ly as any watchspring, And his  
 whiskers as big as a brush for cloth-ing." Oh! she was as

Chorus and Symphony  
as before.

6th VERSE.

6. The words that she ut-ter'd went straight through my heart, I sob-bed I  
 sigh-ed and straight did de-part With a tear on my eye-lid as big as a bean, Bidding  
 good-bye to Pol-ly and Ab-ing-ton Green. Oh! she was as

Chorus and Symphony  
as before.

7th VERSE.

7. In six months she married - this hard heart-ed girl, But it was not a  
 Wiscount, and it was not a 'Nearl', It was not a 'Baronite', but a shade or two 'wus', 'Twas a  
 bow-legg'd Con-duc-tor of a Two-pen-ney 'Bus'! In spite of all she was as

Chorus and Symphony  
as before.